

A

# PINDARIQVE ELEGY

On the most Famous and Learned  
PHYSITIAN  
D<sup>R.</sup> VVILLIS

1.

**P**oor mortal dust! how we admire  
The sparkling, vital fire,  
That like a silent Taper under ground,  
Goes out as soon as found;  
No sooner has the Teeming womb,  
Prepar'd her burthen for another room,  
But now the Infant's born, and cries,  
Complains a little while, and dies.  
The wearied Patriarchs at last,  
After so many hundred years were past,  
Lay'd down their aged heads,  
Tyr'd with their numerous dates, in their original beds.

2.

Swadled with cares, we come  
From the dark prison of the womb,  
Where we half smother'd lay  
Till rescu'd by a beam of day;  
And here the world presents  
Infectious Elements,  
To converse with the stranger, till  
They bring him to his fatal ill.  
With much ado, much pains, and strife,  
We run the Gauntlet in this wretched life,  
On each side stands the merci'leſſe throng,  
To scourge us as we run along.  
And after we have almost spent our breath,  
Are rackt at last, by some slow lingring pain to death.

3.

And now great death has got the start  
Of thee, and thy so powerfull art;  
Yet thou like the great Champion of the age,  
Once quelſt the Tyrants rage,  
And whilſt he triumph't didſt controul,  
Redeem'ſt the trembling, captive soul;

A

Nature

Nature, and torment, both obey,  
And to the saving medicine give way ;  
Thou'dst dispossess, and Cure  
The shivering Ague, and the burning Calenture,  
Consumptions, Feavers, Gripings, Stone  
That makes the tortur'd Patient groan ;  
With all the num'rous host  
Of torments, that the body still accost ;  
Thou'dst stretch lifes little span,  
Cast out the mighty Legion, and restore the man.

4.

Could either Art, or Nature save  
Thee, from the gulph, the grave,  
Or change the constant course of fate,  
Make it revoke th' unalterable date ;  
Could all the treasures of Philosophy,  
Defeat the mighty Destiny,  
Or with its pleasant, golden fruit,  
Stop Fates swift chariot in the fierce pursuit ;  
Could ought that's mortal e're revoke,  
This Fatal, Universal stroke ;  
Obstruct Heaven to dispence,  
Or dart again from hence,  
To the infectious Stars their poysonous influence.

5.

The thy art thou wouldest renew,  
And still extend the fatal Clue ;  
We then had seen engrost in thee  
Learnings Monopoly.  
The Microcosm thou sail'st round,  
Discover'st things before unsound,  
And thy great wisdom understood  
The circling Ocean of the bloud,  
And by its working looks, (and more  
Then has bin known before,) .  
Tels't when the tempest's neare,  
And nature's out of order there ;  
The vital Bellows couldst repair,  
When injur'd by infectious air.  
Thou keep'st the soul within, when like a wind  
(which struggles when confin'd,) .  
It strives to scape, and leave the desolate Corps behind.

6.

Thou knew'st the wondrous art,  
And order of each part  
In the whole lump, how every sense  
Contributes to the healths defence ;  
The several channels, which convey  
The vital current every way ;  
Track'st wise nature every where,  
In every region, every sphere,  
Fathom'st the mistery,  
Of deep Anatomy ;

Th

## (3)

Th' unactive carcasse thou hast preyd upon,  
And stript it to a Sceleton,  
But now ( alas ! ) the art is gone,  
And now on thee,  
The crawling worms experience their Anatomy.]

## 7.

What though the rever'end head,  
Is laid among the vulgar dead,  
And the clear sparkling light,  
Ore-cast with death and night,  
Thou ly'st to Kings in equal state,  
In the sad common bed of fate :  
As soaring Comets ne're decline,  
But in sublimer regions shine,  
After a while the frail, and fainty blaze,  
At which the lower, wondering world did gaze,  
As well as the low, grosser flame,  
That from the baser Dunhill came,  
Do's faint, and dy,  
For want of fuel the devouring flame to ply.

## 8.

When thy young, unfledg'd fame did first peep out,  
It hovered round its native nest about,  
Till by a frequent use at last,  
It o're the neighb'ring Regions past ;  
At length it round the Globe did fly,  
With whom like the dear Twins 'twill live and dy;  
We thought thy age should nere find date,  
But plac'd above the reach of Fate.  
The Silence, and disorders of the grave,  
The bravest Monarch can enslave,  
And Crowns, and Scepters can out brave,  
And though the sacred Corps is crusht,  
And the loud Organ husht,  
Yet the sprightly virtue soars on high,  
And lifts its lofty Shoulders to Eternity.

## 9.

Was nothing seen beneath the Bow ?  
No Pageantry of Nature now ?  
Don't she provide, or bring,  
A funeral offering ?  
Yes ! look but on the neighb'ring shore ,  
Where his brisk fame had flown before,  
Where she hath laid her brackish store ;  
As if a common stock could not suffice,  
Let through the sluices of their eyes,  
But they must float on brinish waves ,  
And weep ore their own watry graves.  
Nothing in Nature too, but doth comply,  
And bear a part in this sad, Universal Harmony.

## 10.

Look how the long-liv'd plant, which now  
To fatal Autumn scorn'd to bow,

Hangs

(4)

Hangs down its drooping, dying Head,  
 Upon its desolate Bed;  
 The copious Garden too, is little less,  
 Then a disor'derd Wilderness;  
 No Vegetable will subsist,  
 But takes its Autumn with the Herbalist;  
 And seems too Sensitive,  
 When no man knowes its Vertue, hates to live.  
 Hark, how each Dead, Obdurate thing,  
 Whispers a sigh, and makes a doleful Din,  
 As if it felt the mortal sting.  
 See how each Colledge mourns, the Stones  
 Ev'n Sympathize with us, sweat teares, & Eccho grones.

11.

But since thou'rt gone, Great Soul, and left us here  
 Wandring in this dusky Sphere,  
 That without conduct, without guide  
 Are carri'd with the swift tide  
 Of the mad age beside;  
 At every little gulf we feare,  
 To be transported there,  
 To the so fatal, rocky shore,  
 Whence we return no more,  
 After this slumber thou wilt rise,  
 With active limbs, and open eyes,  
 As young, and airy, as before.  
 The mouldred Atoms, that do ly  
 Hudled up in obscurity,  
 Shall put on Immortality:  
 And all rude ashes coucht within this Ball,  
 Shall forthwith muster at th' Almighty's thundring Call.

12.

Mean while thou liv'st, and lodgest here,  
 Although thou'rt quarter'd there,  
 Thou breath'st, and speak'st ev'n every where,  
 Art young, and brisk, and flourish'st all the year;  
 Thy Famous Volumes are the breath,  
 By which thou dost survive thy death;  
 Each Sacred, Living Page,  
 Turns over with the age;  
 This's the Asylum, this the place,  
 For him whom great Diseases chafe,  
 Thine is the truly Fortunate book,  
 In which who ere shall look,  
 Shall find all true it does divine,  
 And read long life in every line.  
 It lies beyond the rage,  
 Of the ungrateful age,  
 Beyond the short-liv'd, dull Mortality,  
 Within the sacred Archives of Eternity.

F I N I S.

